



# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Creation & Destruction"

Yeah

Haha

[Spanish:] Se ha cabado la mierda [English: "The Bullshit has finished."]

Bout to drop a def' cut

Yo, yo, yo, huh

Immortal Technique, disintegrates mic's when I spit  
I cause more casualties than sunken slave ships  
Full to capacity, I bring tragedy to rap without my man Kadafi  
The government took Nazi scientists from Germany  
To design nuclear rockets and ways of observin' me  
'Cause their pathetic attempts, didn't work to murder me  
When this country was conceived, these bastards never heard of me  
But now I hold the souls of slave masters eternally  
Bleeding internally, burnin' D, durin' surgery, verbally  
'Cause I'm a spiritual witch  
Devils are incompatible  
I've been around since the planet was inhabitable  
I spit in the ocean and created microscopic animals  
Which involved into two species, the righteous and the cannibals  
But until then, I had alien women suck me off  
When God said "Let there be light", I turned it the fuck off  
And that's the reason that the earth is only 5 billion years old  
I made the sun shine, and permitted time to unfold  
The surface was lava, but when I stepped down, it became cold  
Fuck what you've been told  
My spiritual form became a swarm of molecule sickness  
Manifested liquid trapped inside a mountainous region  
Until the skies starting raining, continuous seasons  
Immortal Technique, at long last, reincarnated  
Undebatable reinstated to leave you decapitated  
Je suis fous, but my crazy words make sense [*"Je suis fous" means "I am mad" in French*]  
I'll split every pound of your body into six pence  
I'm sick of simple similes about The Sixth Sense  
I'll leave your body drenched in the blood of all your ancestors  
You'll never be at peace, like the souls of child molestors  
I'll cut you and bless your festering wounds with alcohol  
Drown you in a clogged toilet, in a public bathroom stall  
I'll rip you down, take a chunk of you home like the Berlin Wall  
This is the final call, for all the rappers that wanna brawl  
Immortal Technique, the wrong motherfucker to diss  
'Cause I allow God to let you motherfuckers exist

Hahahahaha yeah, real oh

We about to crash somethin' now, yo

Yo, yo, yo

I'm the stronghold on your neck that doesn't let you breathe

Stronger than the fake image of God in which you believe  
More dangerous than your ignorant ass could ever perceive  
A European virus, mutated in Africa, overseas  
Transported by mosquitoes and fleas to where you live  
So lock yourself in your house with your wife and your kids  
You're such a bitch, somebody probably made you out of a rib  
My arrest record just scratches the surface of what I did  
My bid locked me up and brought my life to an end  
I was forgotten, abandoned by my bitches and friends  
You don't want beef with people like me so don't pretend  
I'll resurrect your aborted baby and kill it again  
You get no props in hip-hop like feminine men  
I'm iller than any plague God gave Moses to send  
You wanna make amends, 'cause I'm the reason that the earth shakes  
Burying your fam like Central American earthquakes

Immortal Technique

Harlem to Canada

Lyrical damage ya

*[Spanish:] Te dije que se ha cabado la mierda [English: "I told you the bullshit would end."]*

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Dominant Species"

### *[Intro]*

Yo, in a hundred years from now  
Everyone who's living on this planet will be dead  
So it's inconsequential really  
All the shit that you talk  
All the bullshit that you stand for  
It's more important what, what you're ready to build  
What you're ready to pass down to your children  
What you're ready to create  
You better fucking remember that  
When you challenge a mother fucker like me  
Remember, I'm the dominant species

### *[Verse 1]*

I'm stuck inside the future and life is chaotic  
The government is psychotically racist and robotic  
The matrix of entrapment is socio-economic  
Erotic conspiracy theory becomes reality  
Life is war, and every day's a battle to me  
I'm on the brink of insanity, between extreme intelligence and split personalities  
But I elevate to the point of reversing gravity  
Revolutionary conceptuality spitting out of me  
Even the dead people in my family tell me they proud of me  
Stupidity's not allowed by me  
Cause I don't got time to play  
I'm the black whole lyricist that'll take your shine away  
Darkness at any time of day  
I'm the Technique and your nobody so what you trying to say  
Stellar density becomes your physical alignment  
1.8 billion tons per square inch confinement

### *[Chorus]*

Yo, yo, yo, I drop knowledge so heavy it leaves the world unbalanced  
Exterminate the spiritual force of all that challenge  
I'm the lyrical apocalypse that crumbles the granite  
Replacing you as the dominant species on the planet

### *[Verse 2]*

Yo, yo, lyrically I'm infinite like possibilities  
But you don't have the capability like infertility  
Cause opening your mouth to question my validity  
Is like trying to contradict the theory of relativity  
When I spit is the epitome of heavy artillery  
My enemies are obsessed with me like the bitch in Misery  
But break out like father running from responsibility  
Every time I step and abuse the mic with versatility  
I balance humility, with brutal instinct

I'll make your whole cypher look like those crackers from N'Sync  
And I don't care about your link, or your luxury car  
I shed light with more magnitude than all of the stars  
La Brea tar pit thick  
So don't ever talk shit  
And remember something nigga, while you rave and rant  
A roach can live for nine days without its head but you can't

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3]*

I'm explicit like video tapes of conjugal visits  
Some niggas are too stupid to understand it like astrophysics  
Technique is exquisite  
I'll make your thoughts a victory  
Get pessimistic with the quickness  
If you think that I will just become another statistic with anything but success  
When I bless the mic as I spit this  
Specifically prolific with Kaposi's Sarcoma-type! sickness  
My style is like a ten year old child with a slit wrist, too much reality  
For the fucking hit list  
I got a Black Panther mentality with a spick fist  
So you can get dissed  
Even if you're locally gold, vocally bold, or globally  
Multi-platinum sold  
I'm emotionally cold, disciplined, and ready to kill  
Like spirits in the same room with you, I'm giving you chills  
I drop knowledge while these mother fuckers clumsily spill  
And I drop it so heavy, it leaves the world unbalanced  
Exterminate the spiritual force of all that challenge  
I'm the lyrically apocalypse that crumbles the granite  
Replacing you as the dominant species on the planet

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Positive Balance"

(feat. Big Zoo)

*[Intro]*

Big Zoo, uh  
Technique, uh  
Positive balances, uh, uh

*[Verse 1 - Big Zoo]*

Pound for pound  
I'm the most positive when I bust mine  
The Zoo adds on like a plus sign  
Addition, that's the key in the ignition  
With no pause, I propel to pole position (Vroom!)  
Ahead of the pack, light years ahead of the wack  
I give a fiend a Good Book, instead of the crack  
That's the gold mine, negativity can't hold mine  
The black bear's headed for the gold mine (look out, look out)  
And then I'm positive as Showtime  
I make negative MC's switch styles in no time  
They change teams, rhyme about kings and queens  
Instead of how they sellin' work to fiends  
Then I, switch thugs into soldiers  
Those that have given up on God to praise J Hova (Damn!)  
The rap Ice Age is over  
And positivity protects the Z boulder boulder

*[Chorus - Immortal Technique w/ Big Zoo ad-libs]*

Yeah, you know how it goes, positivity, yeah  
My opinion is solid ground but your a common hater  
Splitting and dividing on numbers like a denominator  
Third-eye navigator movements are necessary  
Everything you see in videos is secondary  
You need positivity like you need respect in jail  
Because without balance you'll be making negative record sales  
Neg-neg-negative record sales, ziga-zam, Technique, like this

*[Verse 2 - Immortal Technique]*

I jerk off inside books and give life to words  
Leaving concepts stuck together you probably never heard (what?)  
I love when people think I'm psychologically disturbed  
Cause it means I overloaded their neurological nerves  
Rappers try to serve me with disgusting incompetence  
But I keep it positive with ultimate dominance  
Meditating with Native Americans close to Providence  
I speak to the spirits of ancestors at pow-wows  
But rumor has it that you getting raped like Lil' Bow Wow  
Now listen industry motherfuckers, don't get offended  
Remember, that I'll bring an end to your pretender agenda

And render contenders dismembered, bend the fabric of time (what? what?)

And put your soul in a blender

You living a lie like thinking Jesus was born in December

Instead of catering to labels, something gotta give

I'll rip the electrons out your body and make you positive

I seen a lot of kids come and go with marketing gimmicks

Because without balance, you don't last more than a minute

This ain't a game, I'll beat the shit out you at the line of scrimmage

I rock shows in the ghetto, nigga you stuck in the village

I wanted to spit on the radio since I was eleven

But I can't afford the pay-ola for Hot 97's

So I make paper underground, and I'm soon to blow

Moving tapes like Biggie's ghost at Bad Boy studios

*[Biggie - Hypnotize sample]*

*[Chorus]*

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "The Getaway"

*[Immortal Technique]*

Yo yo, son give me that newspaper

*[Friend]*

Yeah aight, here you go

*[Immortal Technique]*

Man, I hate this one yo. You know the Post is always on some bias racist  
bullshit, man. Word I mean on the daily news

*[Friend]*

*[Laughs]* word, I feel you

*[Immortal Technique]*

They ridiculous man, times are better but they still on some bullshit

*[Friend]*

*[Laughs]* I know that man. (Hiss)

*[Immortal Technique]*

Another nigga killed by these fucking cops, yo!

*[Friend]*

What? Word? Psh

*[Immortal Technique]*

See that's why I gotta get the fuck outta here man, I need some peace I need  
something like that or I'ma just start blasting! These fucking pigs man

*[Friend]*

I feel you, son *[laughs]*

*[Immortal Technique]*

For real, yo

*[Friend]*

Yo son, fuck it then. Let's do something man, let's see some mamis out there

*[Immortal Technique]*

You know what? Matter fact pack the bags

*[Friend]*

Aight then

*[Immortal Technique]*

Start the fucking whip up, I'm outta here yo for real  
Yo, I hate my job so I always look to a better day



Far from New York City on a tropical getaway  
But not in Miami cause these white Cuban Anti-Castro's can't stand me  
And that's the reason I'll never win a fixed up Latin Grammy  
After this racist Latinos'll goddamn me  
But my Black people love me  
And when I go to South America people'll be tryna hug me  
Cause I talk about reality that affects them  
And even though I blew up I could never neglect them  
What kind of a revolutionary action would that be  
I be categorizing practically every other MC  
But never that cause I'm clever with facts  
Sever your raps  
Fake players and thugs  
Will forever be whack  
I'm still rolling with my squadron  
Heavily strapped  
And even if I get killed I'll enviably be back  
Encyclopedia Hispanic are over digital dat  
Don't ever compare me with small minded criminal cats  
I kill kids on tracks like Dale Onhart  
Spit in your face and leave your cheekbone with a burn mark  
I was born a genius but I learned to be street smart  
My vacation just started  
I'm out to the Caribbean swimming in Dominican women the color of cinnamon

You motherfuckers wish you had the lifestyle I'm living in  
*[Laughs]* Yo, yo

*[Repeat 2x]*

East coast to West coast and everything in between  
This is dedicated to everybody chasing they dreams  
This ghetto fabulous life really ain't what it seems  
But I'ma make it cause I got survival stuck in my genes

*[Immortal Technique talking]*

Word up (word), Immortal Technique representing Harlem all the way to my fam  
in Englewood. I'm out motherfucker *[Laughs]* The ghetto way nigga

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Top Of The Food Chain (Remix)"

(feat. Poison Pen)

*[Intro: Immortal Technique + (Poison Pen)]*

(Uptown, haha) Immortal Technique, Poison Pen  
We the top of the food chain motherfucker  
Stronghold in it, yo  
MC's are just figments of my imagination (tell 'em)  
They don't have to be dissed (tell 'em)  
I just stop thinkin about them (tell 'em!)  
And they cease to exist (tell 'em!)  
Don't get me pissed pussies

*[Hook: Poison Pen]*

Desolate easy Jesus{?}, while they squeezin heaters  
You better? Then please defeat us  
Ladies is teacher squeezers, they pleased to meet us  
Top of the food chain, still roll with bottom feeders  
My tongue new in late modern English, I'm from the side with heaters  
Always comment on your side as beepers  
It ain't no joke, baby the bell is broke  
Just holla out the window if you tryin to reach us

*[Poison Pen]*

Poison Pen for you ballers and bammers  
Walk up in the spot, metal detectors went bananas  
Stronghold! It's Bronx swingin, give me dap 'til my palm's stingin  
Grab your bitch - and make a porn feature  
Come out your mouth, that's a nice shirt to bleed on  
They only use yo' ass to fuck and roll trees on (BUCK, BUCK, BUCK!)  
It's on, your block, your street  
Niggaz so puss and they don't speak, they queaf  
When you run shit, Stronghold shit  
I need a chain I can jump rope with  
And Bed-Stuy got 'em, word I'm like Zeus without the eye problem  
Some neck without the pearl spot, or it ain't rockin the most  
Chicken spots, even if tots got they eyes on your necklace  
My life is this flick, and y'all are extras  
I double more blocks than Tetris, we perfectionists  
And wouldn't have it, any other way, yeah

*[Hook]*

*[Poison Pen]*

Pen Pen nigga look good  
My flow's a couple of retarded niggaz too dumb  
With an impact on hip-hop  
Like LL walkin into Def Jam screaming out BOX!

*[Immortal Technique]*

Immortal Technique, top of the food chain  
I'll split your wifey's head open, just to get me some brain  
I spit venomous thing with Poison Pen  
Destroy the sun and in eight minutes you'll never see day again  
Pray for your friends but me and God'll just laugh at you  
Tell you to shut the fuck up, and rain acid on you  
Break down your molecules and spiritually damage you  
Haven't you got the picture yet?  
Motherfuckers like you are easy to disrespect, cause you're only a thug  
When you on the internet you can't compare your dialect to Tech'  
Because you lack the chromos'  
I'm a Neo-Sapien, but y'all are still actin like homos

*[Hook (replace "heaters" with "Ninas" in first line)]*

*[Poison Pen]*

If you talk {?} high, you get your mouth punched in  
Stronghold is my house nigga, greasy apartment  
My legions are foul, you eat he crapped out  
Ain't never seen no trees in my mouth  
Poison Pen magnitude eight-point-three  
The hottest shit this side of the Gaza Strip  
Alongside many gangs in rap arouses  
That point and click without red browsers  
Look out it's the 80's all over again it seems  
Long hair, denim suits and big tanks, and glitz  
We don't look for hoes so they scoop us  
Tell your bitch to bring nothin to my crib but, pussy and a toothbrush  
And a camcorder, y'all could all relate  
They treat my nuts like imported grapes  
That's how it is at the, top of the food chain  
Poison Pen, Technique and - all y'all better take turns sleepin

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Beef And Broccoli"

Look, let me make something abundantly clear for people  
that are so bereft of activities  
they feel like they gotta comment on every one of mine  
First of all, being a vegetarian should never be associated  
with being a revolutionary or being open minded, that's a dietary choice  
If someone wants to proliferate the type of ignorance  
we're supposed to be fighting by thinking that, you're just fucking yourself  
I don't go around promoting beef and poultry shoving it in peoples faces  
I don't castigate people for not eating steak sandwiches  
And I would never diss someone for being a fucking broccoli head  
or living off radishes or eating grass with tofu  
I like a lot of vegan cuisine but the illogicality  
of expecting everyone to adopt your particular idea  
of what being healthy is, is just preposterous  
I've seen some of you herbivores, and if you wanna argue health  
y'all need to eat some kind of supplement  
because some of y'all are so skinny that it's disgusting  
Lookin like the only hip hop motherfuckas on Schindler's list  
Being a malnutrition ass got nothing to do  
with being revolutionary or being on point  
I'll be damned if I let somebody else push their agenda on me  
You know, I don't eat pork, not cause I'm a Muslim  
I just don't really like it, but I really will fuck a bird up  
And fish is good when that shit is fresh  
It's like my nigga Vast Aire from Can' Ox said  
If you don't like the smell of burning meat, then get the fuck off the planet  
You know, I don't criticize people for eating moss  
And don't open your fuckin mouth about my food man  
I like beef and broccoli motherfucka, mind your God damn business  
Matter of fact, you know what? I'm out  
I feel like a some aronco pollo, a banana daiquiri  
and a motherfuckin bistelpanado

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "No Me Importa"

Look I ain't never been afraid to tell how I really feel  
Nunca, I think everybody should know that  
Yo creo que todos debemos de saber eso  
Fuckin' ought to know, yo  
I gotta tell these chicks a lot of times, mira  
Tu estas actuando en una manera muy mala  
Bien mala y no me importa ya, I gotta let ya know  
Let 'em know. Here we go, digale a la gente, primo  
Gotta let you know for real. Son drop that

### *[Verse 1]*

Siempre me encuentro con la mujer equivocada  
A superficial mami con la alma comprada  
Yo I'm sick of stupid chicks que hablan de nada  
Let's got to my house conversacion acabada  
Yeah we can fuck but you gotta go after manana  
You walking bowlegged porque te deje clavada  
Don't ever talk shit about niggaz and get enojada  
There's a reason that you never been properly amada  
Cause you fuck niggaz and suck dick como si nada  
Para la porqueria and save the drama  
Don't come to the fucking club con una actitud mala  
You've been drinking too much Bacardi and smoking lala  
Escuchame senorita, if you don't respect yourself  
Don't expect respect from anyone else  
Don't expect un hombre to support you with wealth  
Go to college and be successful, do it for delft  
Nunca vas a ser shit without knowledge your self  
Mamis with cultural ineptitude are bad for your health  
That's the type of mujer that I put back on the shelf  
And go back to the pack crowd to look for somebody else

Adios, check it

### *[Hook]*

We keep it moving properly  
No me importa lo que haces, ain't no way of stopping me  
Moving through property, like I own every monopoly  
Smoking broccoli, compartiendo ideologies  
Pero solamente pasa on special occasions  
When beautiful intelligent mamis stay blazing  
(Stay blazing!)

Y ahora for you motherfucking niggaz  
Yo... si

### *[Verse 2]*

Immortal Technique the resurrected Che Guevara  
But y'all cats are just a bunch of fake Tony Montana  
I bring drama like revolucion Cubana  
And block stages like my last name was Santana  
Como puedes comparar your anteroch to my squad  
You motherfucker is faker than resurrection full of bud  
Don't try to be hard cuz I don't stress faked fellas  
I'll burn your house down and empty the clip of tu abuela  
Mucha gente try to convince everyone that they trife  
Hablando mierda but you never shot a gun in your life  
Siempre gritando how you keep it real in the cife  
But most of your rappers can't even keep it real with your wife  
I'll sacrifice you puto cabron for running his mouth  
Car-jack you and kidnap you in front of your house  
And while you tied up by that shotgun while I'm driving down south  
I'll push the pedal to setenta and kick you the fuck out  
Solamente to look back and have something to laugh about  
I doubt that you really want Technique as an enemigo  
Fuck with me I'll make your people turn up desaparecido  
My estilo es Chupa Camaro Y Zapatista  
I'm a revel soldier murdering rap artistas  
Colombian neck-tile MC hasta la vista  
Taking over the fucking country like socialita

Cobardes, yo

*[Hook]*

We keep it moving properly  
No me importa lo que haces, ain't no way of stopping me  
Moving through property, like I own every monopoly  
I'll broad your fucking brain out and spread your philosophy  
This is if te pones celoso motherfucker is watching me  
I don't make threats bitch lo que hablo es prophecy

De verdad, para que toda la gente sepa que no me importa  
Cuanta mierda ustedes hablan o cuanta mierda  
I still be on my job. Forever, I'll still be here  
I'll still be doing my thing. Para siempre. Cojudo  
Para siempre. I'll be in anybody's parade  
Immortal Technique, se ha acabado la mierda..

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Revolutionary"

*[Men talking]*

Yo load the fuck up (locked and loading)  
You too (locked and loading sir)  
Remember break that window when that cop comes in  
and blow that motherfuckers head off  
*[multiple gun shots]* (Got him)  
Yeah load it up again cause these motherfuckers  
are gonna come back for us. (Were ready)  
We gotta be prepared in this day and age, we gotta  
be prepared for whatever comes the fuck at us. (Word up)  
Cause we are living revolutionarily. (Definitely)  
You cannot second guess yourself in these days and times  
there gonna throw whatever they can at you and you gotta  
be prepared for it, you gotta be prepared for anything

*[Sample of Malcolm X]*

"If liberty or dead,  
there's freedom for everybody or freedom for nobody!" *[crowd cheers]*

*[Hook]*

No matter what the fuck life throws at me  
I continue to make it threw indefinitely  
Immortal technique defeats the odds repetitively  
Until there ain't shit ahead of me competitively  
Surviving the tough times is imperative to me  
Looking at the whole world revolutionarily

*[Sample of Malcolm X]*

"They don't want to hear you old uncle tom handkerchief  
hand talking about...uh thee *[inaudible]*, no."

Technique will force you into strategical retreat  
Because I dominate guerrilla warfare in the streets  
There ain't no way to picture me without a victory speech  
When I reach higher positions  
Without the recognition of pissed on competition  
Cause I conquered there ambitions  
In a systematic form like a religionist tradition  
My mission is to take you, lyrically break you  
Lyrically assassinate you  
Lyrically incinerate your body and recreate you  
To destroy the power that mentally incarcerates you  
Cause even though I rip it better I could not forsake you  
Your my people with the same oppressors so how could I hate you  
The revolution of the mind that bring lee generates you  
But when you come original people impersonate you, start to hate you

Cause the conflict is building within the ultimate sin  
Is to be ashamed of your skin  
My rhymes are like Jamaican over proof I make the room spin  
Intoxicated flow I bleed vodka and brandy  
Don't make me choke you down like Jon-Benet Ramsey  
Something demands of me to rip this fucking shit uncannily  
God commanded me to be a technological disease  
And psychologically do battle with the best emcee's  
\*Inaudible\* these in technique  
Cause I'm the capital of revolutionary nation that's infallible  
Aztec like the Hannibal  
Rip your heart out of your chest and feed it to the cannibal's  
Your just a fucking animal but I'm the Neo Sapien  
Cause my original civilization was based upon creation  
You know theirs no escaping even though your heart is racing  
I'll put your best disciple on academic probation  
Fuck the litigation, fuck the best rapper nominations  
And fuck the president I voted for assassinations  
I'm saying fuck the federal bullshit investigations  
Fuck the cover up of ghetto radiation extermination  
Using my people for experimentation  
And if doesn't play hip hop then fuck your radio station

*[Hook]*

*[Sample of Malcolm X]*

"Revolutions overturn systems, revolutions destroy systems!" *[crowd cheers]*

Yo what the fuck happen to reality spitting rhyme slayers  
These days everybody trying to be a thug or a player  
Where did all the real motherfuckers go in the game  
Bring back the break dancers and graffiti writers with fame  
I remember hip hop before the mic cunt clapping  
Cause I used to drink forties with more flavor then these rappers  
Lyrical ego trips doesn't make fortification  
Your not dope enough, spit self glorification  
So don't jerk me around cause my name ain't masturbation  
Life is hard it'll leave you scarred cause I been threw shit  
If you consider rap a job I suggest that you quit  
Don't you understand the audience will listen and dance  
In the club, crib or car or whatever they get the chance  
To be emancipated start debating justice in the cipher  
Why do you think project rooms look like the cells in Riker's  
I'm explaining the significance or the reason behind it  
There preparing your children for the prison environment  
When you don't amount to shit prison becomes retirement  
But I refuse to be took in to central booking in chains  
Cause sleeping on the floor in cages starts to fuck with your brain  
The system ain't reformatory, it's only purgatory  
Close to hell but I rebel as begin to sparkle out  
And tell my people how we fell into the trap that we live in  
Because they locked us up in ghetto's and began to rape my women  
So I leave the system Unforgiven like East Wood



Cause I was bless with lyrical strength to do whatever I could  
You should of seen it coming long ago when you were very young  
My word is through the father, holy spirit and his fucking son  
Cause when I grab the mic device in front of Christ and start to rip it  
I'll make Jesus turn around and say "yo pop this nigga flipped it"  
So talk about whatever and be what you wanna be  
But don't mistake the way I break the faith for simple blasphemy  
Cause through the highest frequencies in the NYC  
I'm crushing 97.1 percent of MC's

*[Hook]*

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Dance With The Devil"

### *[Verse 1]*

I once knew a nigga whose real name was William  
His primary concern, was making a million  
Being the illest hustler, that the world ever seen  
He used to fuck movie stars and sniff coke in his dreams  
A corrupted young mind, at the age of thirteen  
Nigga never had a father and his mom was a fiend  
She put the pipe down, but for every year she was sober  
Her son's heart simultaneously grew colder  
He started hanging out, selling bags in the projects  
Checking the young chicks, looking for hit-and-run prospects  
He was fascinated by material objects  
But he understood money never bought respect  
He built a reputation 'cause he could hustle and steal  
But got locked once and didn't hesitate to squeal  
So criminals he chilled with didn't think he was real  
You see, me and niggas like this have never been equal  
I don't project my insecurities on other people  
He fiended for props like addicts with pipes and needles  
So he felt he had to prove to everyone he was evil  
A feeble-minded young man with infinite potential  
The product of a ghetto-bred capitalistic mental  
Coincidentally dropped out of school to sell weed  
Dancing with the devil, smoked until his eyes would bleed  
But he was sick of selling trees and gave in to his greed

### *[Hook]*

Everyone trying to be trife never face the consequences  
You probably only did a month for minor offences  
Ask a nigga doing life if he had another chance  
But then again there's always the wicked that knew in advance  
Dance forever with the devil on a cold cell block  
But that's what happens when you rape, murder and sell rock  
Devils used to be gods angels that fell from the top  
There's no diversity because we're burning in the melting pot

### *[Verse 2]*

So Billy started robbing niggas, anything he could do  
To get his respect back, in the eyes of his crew  
Starting fights over little shit, up on the block  
Stepped up to selling mothers and brothers the crack rock  
Working overtime for making money for the crack spot  
Hit the jackpot and wanted to move up to cocaine  
fulfilling the Scarface fantasy stuck in his brain  
Tired of the block niggas treating him the same  
He wanted to be major like the cut-throats and the thugs  
But when he tried to step to 'em, niggas showed him no love

They told him any motherfucking coward can sell drugs  
Any bitch nigga with a gun can bust slugs  
Any nigga with a red shirt can front like a blood  
Even Puffy smoked a motherfucker up in a club  
But only a real thug can stab someone till they die  
Standing in front of them, staring straight into their eyes  
Billy realized that these men were well-guarded  
And they wanted to test him before business started  
Suggested raping a bitch to prove he was cold-hearted  
So now he had a choice between going back to his life  
Or making money with made men, up in the cife  
His dreams about cars and ice made him agree  
A hardcore nigga is all he ever wanted to be  
And so he met them Friday night at a quarter to three

*[Hook]*

*[Verse 3]*

They drove around the projects slow while it was raining  
Smoking blunts, drinking and joking for entertainment  
Until they saw a woman on the street walking alone  
Three in the morning, coming back from work, on her way home  
And so they quietly got out the car and followed her  
Walking through the projects, the darkness swallowed her  
They wrapped her shirt around her head and knocked her onto the floor  
"This is it kid, now you got your chance to be raw."  
So Billy yoked her up and grabbed the chick by the hair  
And dragged her into a lobby that had nobody there  
She struggled hard but they forced her to go up the stairs  
They got to the roof and then held her down on the ground  
Screaming, "Shut the fuck up and stop moving around!"  
The shirt covered her face, but she screamed and clawed  
So Billy stomped on the bitch, 'til he broken her jaw  
Them dirty bastards knew exactly what they were doing  
They kicked her until they cracked her ribs and she stopped moving  
Blood leaking through the cloth, she cried silently  
And then they all proceeded to rape her violently  
Billy was made to go first, but each of them took a turn  
Ripping her up, and choking her until her throat burned  
Her broken jaw mumbled for God but they weren't concerned  
When they were done and she was lying bloody, broken and bruised  
One of them niggas pulled out a brand new twenty-two  
They told him that she was a witness for what she'd gone through  
And if he killed her he was guaranteed a spot in the crew  
He thought about it for a minute, she was practically dead  
And so he leaned over and put the gun right to her head

*[Sample from "Survival of the Fittest" by Mobb Deep]*

I'm falling and I can't turn back  
I'm falling and I can't turn back

*[Verse 4]*

Right before he pulled the trigger, and ended her life

He thought about the cocaine with the platinum and ice  
And he felt strong standing along with his new brothers  
Cocked the gat to her head, and pulled back the shirt cover  
But what he saw made him start to cringe and stutter  
'Cause he was staring into the eyes of his own mother  
She looked back at him and cried, 'cause he had forsaken her  
She cried more painfully, than when they were raping her  
His whole world stopped, he couldn't even contemplate  
His corruption had successfully changed his fate  
And he remembered how his mom used to come home late  
Working hard for nothing, 'cause now what was he worth  
He turned away from the woman that had once given him birth  
And crying out to the sky 'cause he was lonely and scared  
But only the devil responded, 'cause god wasn't there  
And right then he knew what it was to be empty and cold  
And so he jumped off the roof and died with no soul  
They say death takes you to a better place but I doubt it  
After that they killed his mother, and never spoke about it  
And listen 'cause the story that I'm telling is true  
'Cause I was there with Billy Jacobs and I raped his mom too  
And now the devil follows me everywhere that I go  
In fact, I'm sure he's standing among one of you at my shows  
And every street cypher listening to little thugs flow  
He could be standing right next to you, and you wouldn't know  
The devil grows inside the hearts of the selfish and wicked  
White, brown, yellow and black color is not restricted  
You have a self-destructive destiny when you're inflicted  
And you'll be one of god's children that fell from the top  
There's no diversity because we're burning in the melting pot  
So when the devil wants to dance with you, you better say never  
Because a dance with the devil might last you forever

*[Hidden end feat. Diabolic]*

*[Immortal Technique]*

Oh y'all motherfuckers thought it was over, huh? Well it's not.  
You didn't count on a fallen angel getting back into the grace of god and coming after you.  
Ya'll niggas ain't shit  
Your producers ain't shit. Your fuckin' A & R ain't shit.  
I'll fuckin' wipe my ass with your demo deal.  
Yo, Diabolic, take this motherfucker's head off!

*[Diabolic]*

Go 'head and grip Glocks  
I'll snap your trigger finger in six spots  
You'll have to lip lock with hypodermic needles to lick shots  
I'll watch you topple flat  
Put away your rings and holla back  
Can't freestyle, you're screwed off the top like bottle caps  
Beneath the surface  
I'm overheatin' your receiver circuits by unleashin' deeper verses than priests speak in churches  
What you preach is worthless  
Your worship defeat the purpose

Like President Bush takin' bullets for the secret service

Beyond what y'all fathom  
I shit on cats and jaw tap 'em  
Show no compassion like havin' a straight-faced orgasm  
Tour jack 'em  
Have his half-a-ten bitch suck my friend's dick  
In the mean time, you can french kiss this clenched fist  
Diabolic  
A one-man brigade spreading cancer plague  
Fist-fuckin' a pussy's face  
Holdin' a hand grenade  
So if I catch you bluffin'  
Faggot, you're less than nothin'  
I just had to get that stress off my chest like breast reduction

*[Immortal Technique]*

You motherfuckers are nothing, you cannot harm me  
I'll resurrect every aborted baby and start an army  
Storm the planet huntin' you down, 'cause I'm on a mission  
To split your body into a billion one-celled organisms  
Immortal Technique'll destroy your religion, you stupid bitch  
You're faker than blue-eyed crackers nailed to a crucifix  
I'm 'bout to blow up like NASA Challenger computer chips  
Arsenic language transmitted revolutionarily  
I'm like time itself, I'm gonna kill you inevitably  
Chemically bomb you, fuck usin' a chrome piece  
I'm illmatic, you won't make it home like Jerome's niece  
I'll sever your head diagonally for thinkin' of dissin' me  
And then use your dead body to write my name in calligraphy  
This puppet democracy brain-washed your psychology  
So you're nothing, like diversity without equality  
And your crew is full of more faggots than Greek mythology  
Usin' numerology to count the people I sent to Heaven  
Produces more digits than 22 divided by 7  
You're like Kevin Spacey, your style is usually suspect  
You never killed a cop, you not a motherfuckin' thug yet  
Your mind is empty and spacious  
Like the part of the brain that appreciates culture in a racist  
Face it, you're too basic  
You're never gonna make it  
Like children walking through Antarctica, butt naked

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "The Prophecy"

So you're the motherfucker they call....Immortal Technique.  
What the fuck make you so special nigga?  
Huh... what the fuck do you do?

I calculate planet alignment like Mayan astronomy  
Discovering atrocities worst than Aristotle  
Subjecting children to sodomy  
Your theory of the galaxy is primitive like Ptolemy  
The truth about the universe stuck up like Aztec pottery  
Unpredictable results like experimental psychology  
I stomp the streets with emcee's beneath my feet in colonies  
But presentation and spirit revolve around autonomy  
Searching for monogamy  
And cutting fake bitches out of my mind like a lobotomy  
So obviously I'm not gonna be here to play games  
Walked the top of the world and leave the arctic circle in flames  
Battle the beast and false prophet predicted in the King James  
I give a fuck about your emcee name I don't admire you  
Only by dental records will you be identifiable  
Cause the future is not reliable  
Remember when rap was not economically viable  
Comparable to what motherfuckers think of me  
I might be nobody but wait till I'm together like a symphony  
Resounding sound that will continue infinitely  
Angel of death punishing all those who live in infamy  
And shine so far away from you  
You'll never get a glimpse of me  
Attempts to extinguish me don't even bother me none  
Like retarded kids throwing ice cubes at the sun  
A victory against Immortal Technique will never be done  
Just degrees of losing it every second your adding one  
Some niggas dream of pushing kilos but I drop tons  
With more facts and formulas and philosophical logic  
Than a basement full of scientists puffing on chronic  
Dipped in mycin potassium cyanide and liquid bubonic  
And use it as a sonic one to find the spawn of the demonic  
Screaming like onyx is of absolutely no consequence  
The poison is dense enough to clog up your arteries  
Mercy is not a part of me  
I cause you bodily injury permanently be simply verbally murdering me  
Is inconceivable cause of the unbelievable evil injected inside  
The blood stream of my people  
And redemption is not located under a church steeple  
The feeble and the meek in soul just like the technique  
Will inherit the earth, But the earth will be weak  
Mother earth in her decrepit terminal illness physique  
The year three thousand is bleak no happily ever after

Just death following the Fourth Reich disaster, a legacy of bastards  
With plastic explosives your futures been eroded  
Cause you forgot that when your free it's multiplied indefinitely  
By the struggle that be the struggle I see  
To socialistically united the third world countries  
Expose hypocrisy in Americas democracy  
Sloppily obsessed with stopping me cause I speak prophecy  
Trample and dismantle your capitalist philosophy  
The same way I stomp the conquering rap monopoly  
And I'm not a fucking prophet  
But that's the fucking prophecy

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "No Mercy"

*[Malcolm X in his famous speech "The Ballot or the Bullet":]*

"Brothers and sisters...friends....and I see some enemies.

*[Laughter and then applause]*

In fact I think we'd be fooling ourselves if we had a audience this large and didn't realize that there were some enemies present."

### *[Verse One]*

I'm a weapon that fires  
Lyrical projectiles with no mercy  
I'm cold blooded like reptiles  
Touch a pregnant bitch and make her give birth to a dead child  
Every time I flex styles  
Niggas vacate the premises and become exiles  
I manufacture rhymes like textiles of x-files  
And lighten juveniles  
Living life with no purpose  
Organize a army that will make the devil's nervous  
Competition is worthless  
Like the electoral vote  
If you provoke I'll break your motherfucking neck in a yoke  
Your better off throwing your shitty life away sniffing coke  
Technique will choke you into a spiritual state  
And it will take a lake of hydrochloric acid to soften this  
I'll fake your parents suicide and kill you in the orphanage  
But I inspire ideological metamorphosis  
Stop talking shit or I'll make your existence a memory  
So you can have me frozen cryogenically for centuries  
But I'll break the ice if anyone on the planet mentions me  
I'll burn a hypocritical flag intentionally  
Explosive revolutionary  
Chemistry's my destiny

### *[Chorus: 2x]*

No mercy is what I chemically bomb on enemies  
Your life's a fucking mistake, technique is the remedy  
Destroy you before you become what you intended to be  
And in the future you'll worship those that descended from me

### *[Verse Two]*

When I fight you I won't snipe you  
I'll use a HIV infected needle to strike you  
As well as anyone that vaguely resembles or looks like you  
And just to spite you I'll force your children  
At gun point to bite you  
And rip a piece off  
To start the beef off of the rest of your petty limited life  
I'm coming at you to catch ya by surprising the sight



Nobodies stupid enough to back ya when tactically attack ya  
Because my style is nasty like protruding bone fractures  
And your a played out dirty pussy devil  
Like Margaret Thatcher  
But technique never get captured inside the rapture  
Cause I mastered the art of causing natural disasters  
You should learn the difference  
In between the students and the master  
My stature is the dispatcher of damaging decibels  
And even though my starving people are considered expendable  
I consecutively escape the racist corporate tentacles  
I spit raw kinetic energy that's immeasurable  
Retaliation for perpetration is unendable  
Mercy is not extendible  
I'll break your fucking brain down into psychological chemicals

*[Chorus: 2x]*

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "The Illest"

(feat. Jean Grae, Pumpkinhead)

*[Jean Grae]*

Ayo, I burn my bridges with a blow torch  
a rebel born from verbal holocaust  
dirty and never try to cleanse to get the drama off  
the swiftest stealth assassin snipe you  
from balcony shots of terrorist position  
professional from the opera box  
rhyme documents infamous like the  
Bill of Right, illa tight, having niggaz  
open like the thrill of dykes Jean Grae  
ya koo's a mass murderer, friends who got  
the dirt on her, foes who never heard of her  
wild style, my mouth gone to train up, I spit  
Krolyon in five colours, when I speak I spray my  
name up, split your wig up like Denny and Bruce  
splash your remains and brains out on the street  
like Henny and juice, noose your neck and loosen  
your spine from back shift your spleen, rip till it's  
just obscene, from down town spilling it, New York  
illest who rip it ever, flow like a river fuck a girl  
like a nigga what?

*[scratches]*

*[Pumpkinhead]*

I've been through Hell and back, scars swell  
on my back, I spit bars, y'all spit repetitive  
raps, I'm a street dude, who decided to rhyme  
with lines that'll crack the disc between your mind  
and your spine, that's why, y'all wanna bite my design  
and that's why, usually I hold the mic like a nine  
pistol whip you on the side of your eye, watch it  
pop out, we knock out cats, with the floors when  
it rocks out, shocked out, like you driving in  
a lightning storm, with the top down, we got  
this locked down, like convicts on the run  
getting shot down, we four times  
gaining yards in the whole line, see me  
and Tech we steadily building, and we about  
to blow like the Oklahoma Federal Building  
and all them niggaz get mad when we step in  
the building, cause we make the crowd jump  
and hit they heads on the ceiling, what?

*[scratches]*

*[Immortal Technique]*

I spit heat like the deserts of Saudi Arabia  
bury competition like Mesopotamia, emanating  
radiation pissing liquid uranium, I bring the rock  
like European drunks in soccer stadiums, I'll  
split your cranium with perfect symmetry lyrically  
if your not the illest, then you don't deserve to  
spit with me, OBS obliverating bastards  
sacrilegiously, I sacrifice niggaz who  
talk shit ritualistically, meticulously making  
all my rivals suicidal like white suburban  
kids on acid reading the Satanic Bible  
my arrival is genocidal, like Christopher  
Columbus, exterminating racism of whack  
MC's that walk among us, I've just begun to bust  
I'll make this place, open gondola  
these racist cops wanna lock me longer then  
Nelson Mandela, pissed off, I'm making hella  
paper, East to West coast, and I treat the law in this  
country like a mother fucking joke, cause if I'm  
willing to smoke the president, while he's sniffing his  
Coke, you know it don't mean shit to me  
to cut a fucking cops throat

*[Immortal Technique talking]*

Yea, Jean Grae, Pumpkinhead, Immortal Technique  
DP-one, tell 'em what the fuck we about to do

*[scratches]*

sh..sh..sh..shit on the whole industry

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Speak Your Mind"

*[Intro]*

You have to speak the truth  
You have to speak your mind

*[Verse 1]*

Every time I speak my mind I'm lyrically critical  
The pinnacle of being revolutionarily pivotal  
Beyond anything ever studied that's metaphysical  
Man fuck a minority, I'm not politically minimal  
But obviously terminologies that are statistical  
Are manufactured to be unequivocally subliminal  
Transmitted by monopolized media visuals  
So I riddle hypocritically pitiful criminals  
Habitually utilizing typical rituals  
With false pretense in attempts to be spiritual  
TO individuals who believe in biblical miracles  
Instead of themselves, because they're not thinking original  
And the color of their skin makes them feel invisible  
Like microscopic miscarriages lynched with the umbilical  
Only a fuckin' imbecile would think their uncorrectable  
Cause you're susceptible to becoming more than a spectacle  
Remember that your flesh, your blood and your body are dissectable  
I'll beat you until your vegetable  
And wake up in a hospital covered in poisonous chemicals  
In a fetal position with your face sewn to your testicles  
Thinkin' that you were kidnapped by extraterrestrials  
You got heart? I'm the blood that pumps in your ventricles  
Technique, I'm like ya soul nigga.. indispensable  
With no respect for those that cower at the hour of revolution  
Cause the government owes my people restitution  
Instead of sedatives like cocaine and prostitution  
Conclusion is that you'll have to violently silence me  
Cause I raid the airwaves of cutthroat piracy  
In school my teachers blinded me  
But now I can see  
I'm mentally and revolutionarily free  
Broadening Horizons about what my people could be  
If we wasn't set up to get shot, locked or OD  
You see families bleed because of corporate greed  
And monopolizing weed is virtually impossible  
So it won't be legalized and that's another obstacle  
But I'm still rollin' up pocket fulls of tropical  
The governments involved directly so it's unstoppable  
Like a nuclear rocket full of biochemical toxins that invade the ecological  
Improbable that the average intellect could understand  
So I encrypted this into hip hop that's in high demand  
and spread it through the ghetto of every city like contraband

Stomp a man of any complexion with a devilish nature  
Cause I'm tryin to save the earth, but your just next in line to rape her